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THUNDA

NO. 3

THUNDA

KING OF THE CONGO

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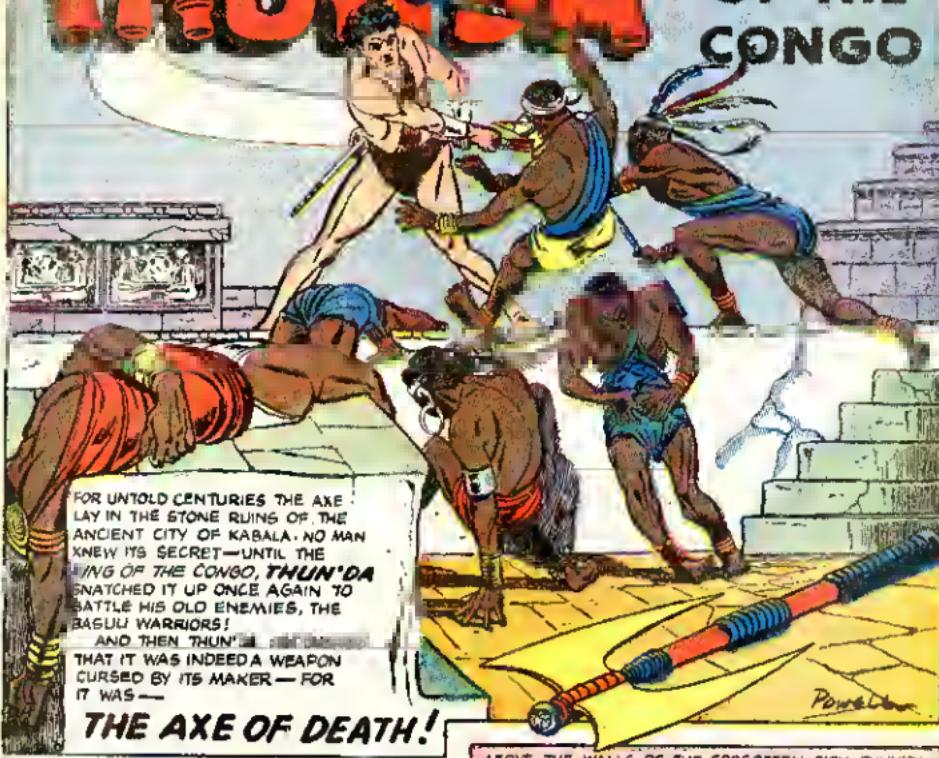


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THUN'DA

KING
OF THE
CONGO



FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES THE AXE LAY IN THE STONE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF KABALA. NO MAN KNEW ITS SECRET—UNTIL THE KING OF THE CONGO, THUN'DA SNATCHED IT UP ONCE AGAIN TO BATTLE HIS OLD ENEMIES, THE BASUU WARRIORS!

AND THEN THUN'DA FOUND THAT IT WAS INDEED A WEAPON CURSED BY ITS MAKER—FOR IT WAS—

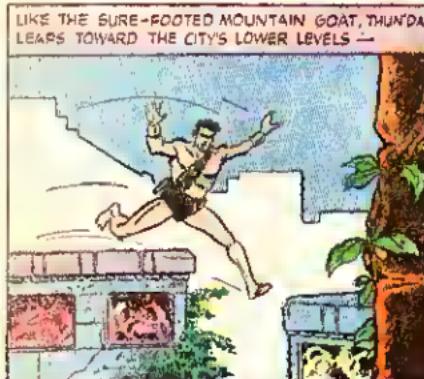
THE AXE OF DEATH!

FOR CENTURIES THE AXE LAY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE OLD STONE CITY. ONLY THE JUNGLE KNEW THE MAN WHO MADE IT, FOR THE JUNGLE IS UNDYING AND THE JUNGLE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING



ABOVE THE WALLS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY, THUN'DA—JUNGLE KING—FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE...





AS THUN'DA OPENS HIS DAZED EYES, THE SCREAMS OF SAVAGE BASULI WARRIORS RING IN HIS EARS —



HE HAS NO WEAPONS! DEATH QUICK — SLAY HIM! TO THUN'DA!

WEAPONLESS, HIS HAND GROPS BACKWARD, AND HIS POWERFUL FINGERS CLOSE TIGHTLY OVER THE HAFT OF THE ANCIENT AXE...



WITH A SNarl IN HIS THROAT, THE JUNGLE KING LEAPS FORWARD...



RUN FROM THUN'DA — JUNGLE KING! RUN LIKE THE FRIGHTENED RATS YOU ARE!



FOR AN INSTANT THE JUNGLE LORD WATCHES HIS ENEMIES RUN BEFORE HIM — THEN HE STIFFENS SUDDENLY!

MY BLOOD — ON FIRE! EVERYTHING — GOING BLACK...



BASULI, CHIEF OF THE BASULI, WATCHES FROM THE SAFETY OF THE JUNGLE, WONDER AND TERROR IN HIS HEART...

HAI! THE AXE KILLED THUN'DA! IT IS A MAGIC AXE — AN AXE THAT SLAYS BASULI'S ENEMIES WITHOUT BEING TOLD! I WILL TAKE IT WITH ME!



HIS HAND TREMBLING WITH EAGERNESS,
BASULI STEALS THE AXE AS IT LIES
BESIDE THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE
JUNGLE GIANT...

BASULI CARRIES THE AXE FOR
ONLY TWO HOURS—FOR AS HE
USES IT AGAINST A CHARGING
RHINOCEROS—



FOR THREE WEEKS, THE AXE LIES BESIDE THE HYENA-EATEN REMAINS OF BASULI. AND THEN A WANDERING WAZUTI WARRIOR PICKS IT UP...



MY BLOOD IS FLAMING!
I CANNOT SEE! I AM FALLING...
DYING! THE AXE! THE AXE
KILLED ME! IT IS ACCURSED!



AND SO THE AXE LIES ONCE AGAIN IN THE TALL GRASSES AWAITING THE NEXT HAND THAT WOULD LIFT IT...



MEANWHILE SOME WEEKS BEFORE AS A FILE OF KENYA POLICE MOVE INTO THE JUNGLE...

BY JOVE ! A MAN LYING ON THE RUINS OF THAT OLD STONE CITY ! HE CAN'T BE DEAD FOR LONG - LETS HAVE A LOOK !



INCREDIBLE ! HE'S BEEN POISONED ! SYMPTOMS REVEAL THAT - WHY HE'S STILL ALIVE ! QUICK - USE THE ANTIDOTE !



NO MAN BUT THUN'DA - WHOSE BODY IS AS STRONG AS THAT OF SIMBA THE LION - COULD THROW OFF THE FIERY POISON. A LESSER MAN WOULD BE DEAD...

HE'S COMING OUT OF IT ! LOOK - HIS EYES ARE OPENING !



FOR TWO DAYS THE JUNGLE KING SHARES THE CAMP OF THE KENYA POLICE OFFICERS...

YOU SEEK SLAVE TRADERS ? I HAVE SEEN NOTHING OF THEM ! BUT I WILL REPORT ANY NEWS OF THEM TO YOU !

WHY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?



SOMEWHERE IN THUN'DA'S JUNGLE THERE IS AN AXE OF DEATH ! IT KILLS ALL WHO TOUCH IT ! I MUST FIND IT AND PULL ITS FANGS - BEFORE IT KILLS ANYONE ELSE !

BASULI MUST HAVE TAKEN IT. I WILL TRAIL HIM FIRST



LET'S MOVE ON. WE CAN'T FLY THROUGH THE TREES LIKE THUN'DA ! WE'VE A LONG TREK BEFORE US !

RIGHT YOU ARE !



MANY MILES TO THE NORTH, A LONG FILE OF ARAB SLAVERS MOVES THROUGH THE CONGO JUNGLE...



HUNTING FOR THUNDA PHA CROSSES THE TRAIL JUST AS THE SLAVERS APPROACH...



AAAIEEEEE!

SCREAM, YOU BEAUTY! THERE'S NONE BUT US AND THE ANIMALS TO HEAR!



SHE'LL FETCH MUCH GOLD FROM THE DESERT CITIES TO THE NORTH! SHE WILL MAKE US ALL RICH! A GOOD PRIZE!



TIED UP AND PLACED IN A HAMMOCK, PHA IS BROUGHT ALONG, SOME MILES FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL...

BY THE BONES OF ALLAH! WHAT A WEAPON! THIS, TOO, SHALL BE SOLD FOR GOLD TO A MUSEUM!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE SLAVE CAMP SLEEPS...

IT TOOK ME ALL DAY TO LOOSEN THE SILKEN COROS THAT HELD ME—BUT I'M FREE NOW AND GOING TO BE EVEN FREER!

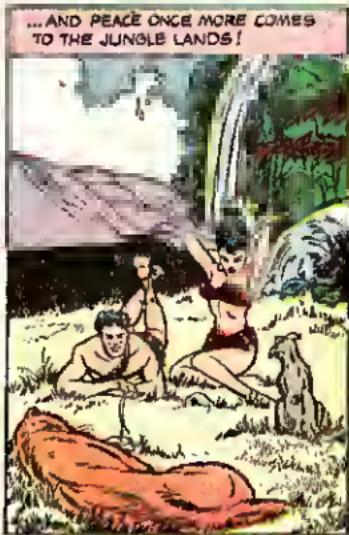
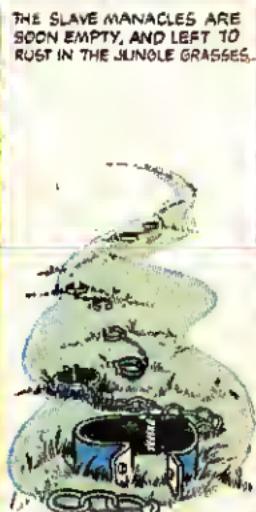
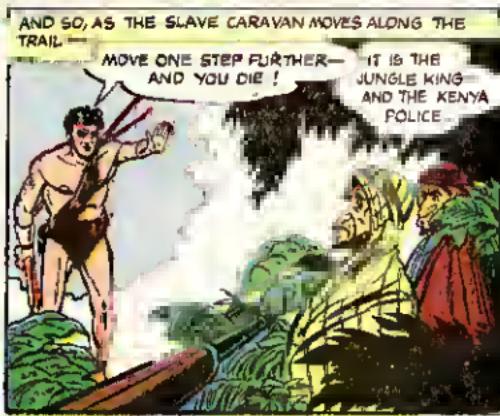
OHHHH!



BUT I'LL NEED A WEAPON TO GO PAST THE GUARDS! AH—THIS AXE THE ARABS FOUND TODAY!







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THUN'DA

KING
OF THE
CONGO



THE INCREDIBLE MONSTER THAT DWELLS
BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE MOMBEELA
RIVER, IN A CAVERN IN A CITY FORGOTTEN
BEFORE THE PHARAOHS RULED EGYPT, IS
SOMETHING OUT OF A JUNGLE NIGHTMARE!
AND WHEN PHA IS THROWN TO IT AS A
SACRIFICE, AND WHEN THUN'DA THE KING
OF THE CONGO IS TRAPPED BY A FLOOD OF
RAGING WATERS AND HURLED IN ITS GAPING
JAWS — THERE SEEMS NO ESCAPE FROM —

'THE DRAGON DEVIL!'

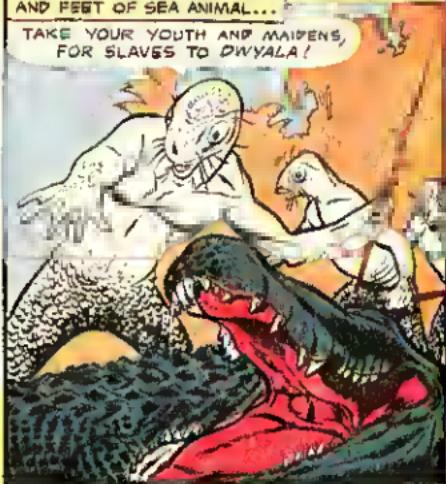
OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE TURGID MOMBEELA
THEY COME, JAWS GAPING FOR THEIR PREY...

T'KAKKA, THE CROCODILE!
HE COMES WITH THE MEN-
WITH- WEBBED HANDS TO
STEAL AND SLAY!



DRIVING THE VICIOUS BEASTS ARE STRANGE MEN—
MEN WITH DEAD-WHITE SKINS, AND THE HANDS
AND FEET OF SEA ANIMALS...

TAKE YOUR YOUTH AND MAIDENS,
FOR SLAVES TO DWYALA!



DOGOTI BOYS AND GIRLS ARE PRAGGED SCREAMING FROM THEIR KRAALS...

YOU WILL MAKE A FINE SLAVE! AAAIIIIEEEEE! COME!

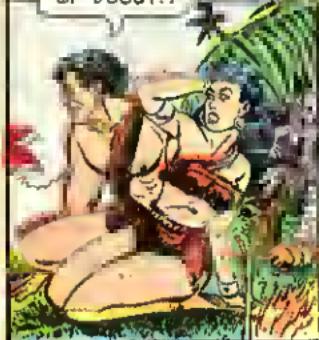


THE DOGOTI WARRIORS FIGHT WITH FURY, BUT THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR FIGHTING CROCODILES...



SOME DISTANCE AWAY, IN A LEAFY JUNGLE GLADE, THUNDA PAUSES AT HIS MEAL WITH PHA —

LISTEN! SCREAMS AND THE SOUND OF MEN FIGHTING — COMING FROM THE VILLAGE OF DOGOTI!



THE KING OF THE CONGO MOVES THROUGH THE THICK FOLIAGE OF THE JUNGLE LIKE A GHOST, SWIFTLY, SILENTLY...

SOMEONE ATTACKS THE DOGOTI, WHO ARE MY FRIENDS!



IT IS THE FISHMEN WHO ATTACK! THE SEA-MEN WHO LIVE IN THE ANCIENT CITY BENEATH THE WAVES! THE MEN WHO SERVE DWYALA AND WORSHIP A DRAGON GOD...

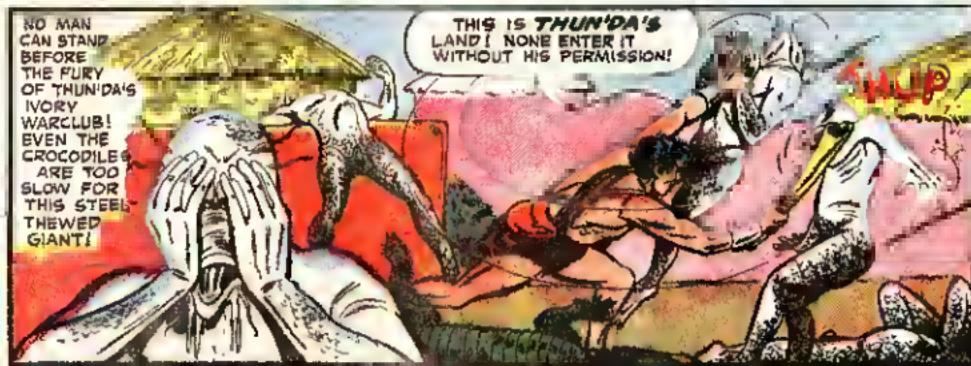


THUNDA'S ARM MOVES UP AND DOWN! HIS SPEAR PARTS LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHT, TO BURY ITSELF IN THE BODY OF A SCREAMING FISHMAN!



A MOMENT LATER, THE CONGO KING LEAPS LIKE AN ANGRY LION AMONG THE FISH PEOPLE...





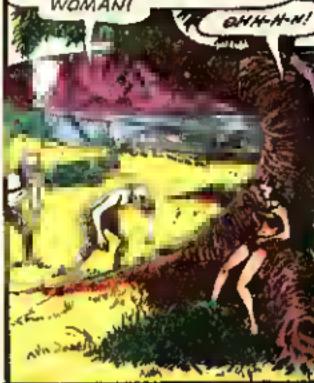
TERROR BURSTS LIKE ROTTEN FRUIT IN THE HEARTS OF THE RIVER MEN. AS ONE, THEY WHIRL AND RUN! [FLEE!

FLEE! HE IS OUR OLD ENEMY WHO HATES US FOR OUR RAIDS! **FLEE!**



THINKING THEM SAFELY GONE, PHA MOVES FROM BEHIND THE THICK BOLI OF A JUNGLE GIANT—BUT...

THE DRAGON GOD IS WITH US! LOOK — PHA! THUN'DA'S WOMANI!



YOU MAKE GOOD SACRIFICE TO JUNGLE GOD! DRAGON GOD BLESS OUR NEXT RAID!

Al!!!



IT IS THEN THAT THUN'DA FINDS THAT PHA IS NOWHERE AROUND... HIS KEEN SCENT AND JUNGLE WISDOM TRACKS HER TO THE HIGH BLUFF...

A FISHMAN TOOK HER! AND WHERE A FISHMAN CAN GO, THERE CAN GO THUN'DA!



WITH SCARCELY A RIPPLE OF WATER, THE SCALEY MONSTERS FOLLOW THEIR MASTERS INTO THE MOMBELA! A MOMENT LATER, THE DOGOTI VILLAGE IS EMPTY OF ALL ENEMIES...

THEY ARE GONE, BUT THEY WILL COME AGAIN!

ONE CANNOT HUNT THEM AS ONE DOES SIMBA! HOW CAN A MAN TRACK ANYTHING UNDER WATER?



DOWN, DOWN INTO THE MURKY WATER OF THE MOMBELA DROPS THUN'DA. BUT HOW CAN ONE TRACK AN ENEMY WHERE THERE ARE NO TRACKS TO FOLLOW?



HIS GREAT LUNGS CRACKING WITH STRAIN, THE JUNGLE LORD SWIMS ON AND ON. SUDDENLY BEFORE HIM LOOMS A TITANIC BRICK WALL...

THE WALL OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF SHARDA! BUILT BEFORE EGYPT WAS—BY PEOPLE FROM A PLACE CALLED ATLANTIS!

A MOMENT LATER, THE CONGO LOR RISES TO GULP GREAT BITES OF AIR...

LUNGS—NEED AIR! GOT TO FIND A WAY IN, THROUGH THAT WALL. BUT THERE IS NO DOOR, NO OPENING...

THEN THUND'AIS ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED BY BUBBLES RISING FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE RIVER...

SOME LIVING THING—with LUNGS—is DOWN THERE! PERHAPS WHERE HE IS—THERE IS A WAY THROUGH THE WALL...



DOWN, DOWN INTO THE STYGIN DEPTHS OF THE MOMBELA SWIMS THE JUNGLE GIANT. AND THEN—RISING TO MEET HIM—



FOR DEADLY MOMENTS, JUNGLE KING AND RIVER MONSTER THRESH AND CHURN THE WATERS TO BLOODY FROTH—



ONE FIGURE MOVES DOWNWARD, ALIVE! TWO OTHER FORMS RISE UPWARD SLOWLY—DEAD!

THERE'LL BE WATER-LOCK'S BEYOND THE GATE. ONCE I PASS THOSE, I'LL BE WITHIN THE ANCIENT CITY!



TWO SPEARHEADS DART DOWNWARD AS THUND'A EMERGES FROM THE UNDERGROUND RIVER, BUT THE CONGO KING MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF AN ANIMAL...

A KNIFE GLITTERS FOR A MOMENT—



AND THEN, BUBBLES RISE TO BREAK SILENTLY ON THE SURFACE—



MEANWHILE, PHA IS HUNG WITH CHAINS AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE THRONE OF DWYALA, THE LOVELY EVIL QUEEN OF LAARDA

FOR LONG MOONS HAS THUND'A DRIVEN BACK MY PEOPLE WHEN WE SOUGHT FOR SLAVES AND LOOT! HIM WE CANNOT HOPE TO CAPTURE! BUT NOW—WE HAVE YOU, HIS WOMAN!



YOU WILL BE HUNG IN A NET AND THROWN TO THE DRAGON GOD! YOUR BLOOD WILL ANSWER FOR THE DEATH THUND'A HAS WROUGHT AMONG MY PEOPLE!... TAKE HER! BIND HER WELL!



THE DRAGON GOD FEASTS WELL TONIGHT! HIS TEETH WILL CRUNCH YOUR BONES! HIS THROAT WILL TASTE YOUR BLOOD! SWING HER OUT—AND DROP HER!



AS PHA'S EYES STARE DOWN INTO THE DIM GLOOM OF THE AWESOME ABYSS, SHE HEARS A STRANGE RUSTLING, GURGLING SOUND! WHEN SHE SEES WHAT CAUSES IT, HER SCREAMS ECHO AND RE-ECHO IN THE MIGHTY CAVERN!

AAAHHH!!!!...



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE SUNKEN CITY OF LAARDA—

SOMEHOW, THEY'VE
SEEN ME DOWN HERE! THEY'RE
RELEASED LOCKS—FLOODING
THIS CORRIDOR WITH WATER
—TO DROWN ME....!

A BROILING, CHURNING TORRENT
OF WATER FLOODS THE LONG
CORRIDOR, LIFTING THE MIGHTY
JUNGLE LORD AND HURLING
HIM ALONG—

CAN'T FIGHT—
THIS WATER...!

HALF-DROWNED, HE IS SWEEPED
OFF HIS FEET, TUMBLED HEAD-
LONG!



HALFWAY UP THE WALL OF THE DRAGON LAIR THE
TUNNEL ENDS—



A MOMENT LATER, AS THUN'DA REGAINS HIS
FEET, HIS BREATH CHOKES IN HIS THROAT AS
HE STARES UPWARD AT—





AS IF FITTED WITH WINGS,
THE HUNTING KNIFE FLIES
UPWARD THROUGH THE
GLOOM!

THE RAZOR-SHARP EDGE SLICES THE ROPE THAT HOLDS THE NET FROM WHICH PHA FELL...



A MOMENT AFTERWARD, THUNDA WHIPS THE ENTANGLING NET ABOUT THE THRASHING MONSTER!

THIS WILL HOLD HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO CLIMB THE ROUGH ROCKS OF THIS WALL!



CLIMB CAREFULLY, PHA! THE STONE IS WET—ONE SLIP MEANS OUR DEATH...

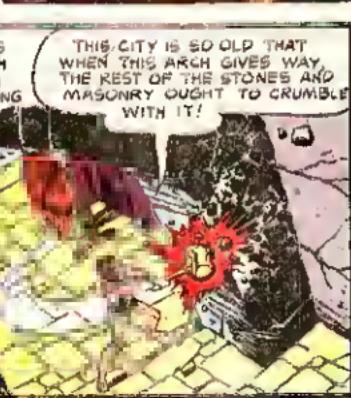


THIS IS THE CORRIDOR THEY FLOODED BEFORE! WE MUST RUN AS WE NEVER RAN BEFORE, LEST THEY FLOOD IT AGAIN!



AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE CORRIDOR, THUNDA SIGHTS THE KEYSOME ARCH OF THE BUILDING. IN A MOMENT, THE GONG HAMMER IS IN HIS HANDS —

THIS CITY IS SO OLD THAT WHEN THIS ARCH GIVES WAY, THE REST OF THE STONES AND MASONRY OUGHT TO CRUMBLE WITH IT!



SIDE BY SIDE, THUNDA AND PHA SWIM UPWARD AS GIGANTIC WATERS FLOOD INTO THE DYING CITY OF LAARDA —



LATER, AFTER THE TURBULENT RIVER WATERS HAVE CLOSED ETERNALLY OVER WHAT WAS ONCE THE BEAUTY OF LAARDA —

THE CITY OF THE FISHMEN IS DESTROYED! NO MORE NEED THE TRIBES FEAR THEIR CROCODILE RAIDS! NEVER AGAIN WILL THE DRAGON DEVIL KILL A VICTIM!



THUN'DA

KING OF THE CONGO

I SEE YOUR DEATH, THUN'DA!
I WHO READ THE FUTURE TELL
YOU THAT YOU SHALL DIE BY
CHOKING!

Powell

HIS EYES COULD SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME INTO TOMORROW AND THE DOZENS OF TOMORROWS TO FOLLOW IT! HE COULD READ THE PAGES OF WHAT-IS-TO-COME, FOR HE WAS MUMP'OKA, WITCH DOCTOR OF THE BAHINDI TRIBE, THE GREATEST WIZARD OF THE CONGO!

AND WHEN HE TOLD THE KING OF THE CONGO—THUN'DA—that he would die by hanging, THUN'DA KNEW THE TIME HAD COME TO END—

"The Terror of the Witch Doctor!"

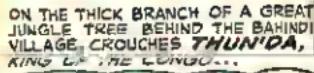
IN THE KRAALS OF THE BAHINDI PEOPLE, ONLY ONE FIRE LIGHTS THE NIGHT SKY, THAT IS THE SACRED HERB-FED FIRE OF MUMP'OKA...

Look! See the fire!
See how it changes!



I SEE KUVIROO, THE HUNTER! THE GREAT LION SPRINGS UPON HIM, AND HIS JAWS CLOSE OVER HIS FACE! HE DIES! HE DIES! AND HABIBBI!
I SEE HIM, TOO...





THE MOON IS HIGH AND FULL
TONIGHT. THERE WILL BE GOOD
HUNTING. SO I'LL FORGET
MUMFOOKA AND HIS CLEVER
LITTLE SCHEME... AND THINK
ONLY OF THE JUICY MEAT
OF SLEETA, THE DEER...



THE JUNGLE SHAKES TO THE ROAR OF THE WOUNDED LION, BUT THE MAN-THING STAYS ON HIS BACK...

AND THEN SIMBA COUGHS WEAKLY AND CRUMBLIES...
YOU ARE A GAUNT, HUNGRY LION! YOU HAVE NOT FED IN MANY DAYS!

KUVIROO—HIS FACE IS GONE! IT IS AS MUMFOOKA FORE- TOLD! CAN IT BE THAT THE WITCHDOCTOR REALLY SEES INTO THE FUTURE?



OTHER MEN WONDER THAT SAME THING, AS A COLUMN OF KENYA POLICE MOVE DEEP INTO THE CONGO JUNGLES...

THE TRIBES ARE FLOCKING AROUND MUMFOOKA!

HE'S STIRRING UP TROUBLE ALL RIGHT—
BIG TROUBLE!

ATTACKING MISSIONS AND TRADE CARAVANS!



NOT ONLY THE BAHINDI BUT THE BAZOOLI AND KWANILI TRIBES ARE JOINING FORCES WITH HIM!



FOR A DREAM HAS COME TO MUMFOOKA—A DREAM OF POWER IN THE JUNGLE! THE TRIBES LISTEN TO HIS WORDS, AND THE GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON THEIR SPEARS SHOW THEIR WORSHIP OF THIS MAN WHO READS THE FUTURE!

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE! WITH YOUR SPEARS, YOU SHALL RULE THE JUNGLE, AND I WILL BE YOUR KING!



THE RIVER STEAMERS ARE THE FIRST TO FEEL THE FULL FURY OF THE AROUSED TRIBES...



THE TRADING POSTS GO UP IN BLACK BILLOWING SMOKE...



THROUGH THE JUNGLE PATHWAYS TROT THE WARRIORS BRINGING THEIR GRIM MESSAGE OF DEATH TO ALL WHO DO NOT JOIN MUMPOOKA...



MEANWHILE...



SO THIS IS HOW MUMPOOKA SEEKS THE FUTURE! HE CAUSES IT TO HAPPEN! HE HID THE CAPTIVE LION — RELEASED IT AS KUVIROO APPROACHED!

MUMPOOKA MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON! HE HAS FORGOTTEN THAT THIS IS THUN'DA'S JUNGLE — AND THAT ALL WHO DO EVIL IN IT SHALL BE PUNISHED BY THUN'DA!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE CEREMONIAL FIRES BLAZE BRIGHTLY, A LARIAT, FORMED OF JUNGLE GRASSES, DROPS TOWARD MUMPOOKA...



MUMFOCKA—YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW OF THUNDA! YOU HAVE LIED AND TRICKED THE PEOPLE OF THE JUNGLE, FOR THAT YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED!



HANG THUS, UNTIL DAWN COMES! PERHAPS BY THEN, YOU WILL HAVE REPENTED OF YOUR SLYNESS, AND DISCOVERED SOME WISDOM!



YOU SHALL RULE THE JUNGLE NO LONGER, THUNDA! EVEN NOW I SEE YOUR DOOM—CHOKED TO DEATH BY THE LOWEST THING THAT GROWS—A VINE!



ALL THAT NIGHT, THUNDA SITS LIKE A GRAVEN STATUE ABOVE THE DANGLING WITCH-DOCTOR. AT DAWN HIS KNIFE FLASHES.

I FREE YOU! AS FOR YOUR PROPHECY OF MY DEATH, I FORGET WHAT YOU SAID. NO MAN CAN SPEAK THE TRUTH—UPSIDE DOWN!



RAGING WITH FURY, HALF NUMB BECAUSE OF HIS NIGHTTIME POSITION AT THE END OF THUNDA'S ROPE, MUMFOCKA PLANS REVENGE...

WEAVE THE VINES AROUND THE ROPE! THEN SEEK OUT THUNDA IN THE JUNGLE—AND HANG HIM!



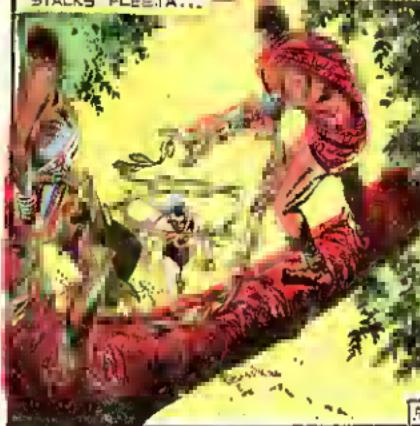
NAKED FEET PAD-PAD TIREDLESSLY ALONG THE TRAIL...

THUNDA IS SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE!

WE ARE TO STAY OUT UNTIL WE FIND AND—SLAY HIM!



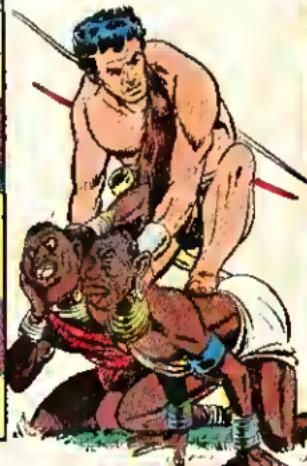
ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE JUNGLE KING STALKS FLEETA...



BUT THE KEEN EARS OF THE
GREAT WARRIOR HEAR THE
TINKLE OF THE BRASS ORNA-
MENTS WORN BY THE SAVAGES.
HE WHIRLS —

I SHALL BRING YOU
TO — WHATEVER THAT IS!

SO THIS IS HOW MUMFOOKA
IS GOING TO BRING ABOUT
MY DEATH AS HE FORSAW
IT, IS IT?



AT SOME
LITTLE
DISTANCE,
THUNIDA
COMES
UPON THE
UNITED
TRIBAL
WARRIORS
SURROUNDING
THE FILE OF
KENYA POLICE...

MORE OF MUMFOOKA'S
WORK!



BUT MUMFOOKA SHALL
LEARN THAT TO VIOLATE
THE JUNGLE LAW — BRINGS
DOOM!



LIKE AN ANGRY TIGER, THUNIDA DRIVES
HERE AND THERE. WHERE HE STRIKES
DEATH GRAPS TIGHTLY!



IN DEATHLY FEAR OF THE JUNGLE KING, THE TRIBAL WARRIORS THROW ASIDE THEIR WEAPONS AND FLEE...

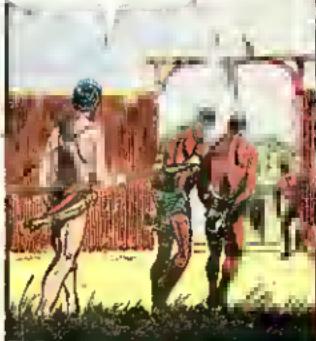
MUMFOOKA'S A REAL BAD 'UN, ALL RIGHT!

MUMFOOKA'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED!



NEXT DAY, AS THE SUN RISES HIGH IN THE AFRICAN SKY —

SUMMON MUMFOOKA! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT A FAKE HE IS!



THE KENYA POLICE MOVE INTO THE KRAAL. THEIR KIPLS ARE READY.

YOU HEARD HIM! TAKE HIM WITH YOU, BACK TO CAPE TOWN!



RIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO ARREST HIM!

ARREST HIM? AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS? THEY'D KILL YOU IN AN INSTANT. I HAVE A BETTER PLAN! MUMFOOKA MUST BE EXPOSED FOR THE FRAUD HE IS!



IN A LOUD VOICE, THUND'A ACCUSES MUMFOOKA OF TRICKS INSTEAD OF SUPERNATURAL VISION...

HE HID A LION TO KILL KUVIROO! HE SENT MEN TO SLAY ME. HE DID NOT SEE THE FUTURE — HE MADE IT HAPPEN! HE KILLED AND CHEATED AND STOLE — AND YOU BELIEVED HIM!



DO NOT LISTEN TO HIS LIES! I SEE HIM DEAD ON THE GROUND HERE, YOUR SPEARS STICKING IN HIM!

DO NOT LISTEN TO HIS LIES! I SEE HIM DEAD ON THE GROUND HERE, YOUR SPEARS STICKING IN HIM!

AS HIS FOLLOWERS MOVE FORWARD, MUMFOOKA FEELS THE MIGHTY HAND OF THUND'A TERROR SHAKES HIM LIKE THE AUGE!

ONE MORE STEP — AND THIS FRAUD DIES! TELL ME, MUMFOOKA — WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR FUTURE NOW?

STOP! STOP! DO NOT HARM HIM! IT IS AG HE SAYS! I HAVE BEEN TRICKING YOU!



LIKE LEAVES BLOWN BEFORE THE WIND, THE TRIBES MELT AWAY, LEAVING MUMFOOKA ALONE TO FACE HIS CAPTORS...

I WILL READ YOUR FUTURE, MUMFOOKA! YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS LOADED IN CHAINS FOR YOUR CRIMES. THIS END ALL WHO BREAK THUND'A'S LAWS OF THE JUNGLE!



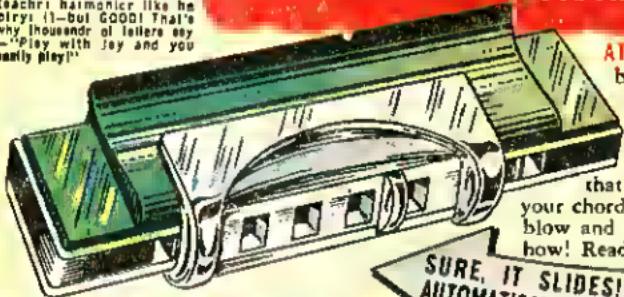
THE END



Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER like him
play! (1—but GOOD! That's
why thousands of tallers say
"Play with Jay and you
simply play!"

Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!



Play For Dancing



They'll Sing With You

Only
\$1

SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!

A STAN OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'till you get "harmonica hot" the exciting Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Haas 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh! Susanna!" And will you have to beat it fast to escape the girls' Sina-sa-woons. Then dances, hikes, picnics whenever pals and gals get together, who's Ms. Popularity? Nobody else but you!

A CINCH WITH JAY'S
SLIDING NOTE FINDER

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin' jive—Jay's magic SLIDING NOTE FINDER actually picks out the right notes for you as it slides back and forth over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you use just ONE SINGLE opening in your MAGIC SLIDING NOTE FINDER. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic, the NOTE FINDER automatically adds the right chords—and you're making like a real radio professional!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When you mail Jay's "No Risk"—he means just that! So turn yourself to this harmonica! Harmonica dirt today. Then in 8 minutes flat you're not playing actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA, and you get your dollar back right on! HURRY, this may be your last chance!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, DEPT. 13 New York 7, N. Y.

OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, plus FREE SPEED COURSE and FREE dope on HARMONICA TRICKS. If I'm not delighted, I may return the harmonica in 3 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**PLUS, FREE DOPE ON
HARMONICA TRICKS!**

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghosts Notes"? It's EASY with Jay wisely you up on these and lots more sensational harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

CAVE GIRL



DEEP IN THE MISTY STRETCHES OF THE DAWN WORLD — THAT PREHISTORIC VALLEY THAT LIES SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TWO MIGHTY ESCARPS IN REMOTE AFRICA — A GIRL WITH YELLOW HAIR RULES SUPREME. FOR SHE IS **THE CAVE GIRL**, WHOSE LIPS SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEASTS, AND WHOSE HANDS ARE STRONG AND SUPPLE TO UPHOLD THE JUNGLE LAW!

BUT WHEN "**BULL" MULLING** INVADES HER DOMAIN, CAVE GIRL DISCOVERS THAT HATE AND TERROR BECOME A PART OF HER DAILY LIFE AS SHE BATTLES THE MAD CRUELTY OF —

"THE MAN WHO SERVED DEATH!"

"BULL" MULLING IS A BAD MAN — BAD EVEN FOR THIS LAND WHERE VELDT AND JUNGLE PRODUCE KILLERS. FOR HE IS MEAN AND CRUEL, AND HIS WHIP DRIVES HELPLESS MEN BEFORE HIM...

ON YOUR FEET, YOU SWINE! I'M NOT PAYING GOOD MONEY FOR NOTHING!



EVEN, TINY ANIMAL CUBS FEEL THE WEIGHT OF HIS BIG HANDS —

HAI! HAI! A BLACK LEOPARD CUB! HE'LL MAKE A GOOD PET FOR BULL. BUT FIRST — I'LL HAVE TO TEACH HIM WHO IS MASTER! HA! HA!



By accident,
ULL DISCOVERS
THE ANCIENT
TRAIL THAT LEADS
FROM KNOWN
AFRICA INTO THE
DAWN WORLD...

A WHOLE NEW
VALLEY LYING HERE—
I'VE NEVER EVEN
HEARD OF IT! HUH?
IF I CAN FILE CLAIM
TO THIS, I'LL BE THE
RICHEST MAN ON
THE CONTINENT!

BUT THERE ARE DANGERS HERE
THAT BULL MULLINS HAS NEVER
FACED...

A HAIRY MAMMOTH!
TWO TIMES AS BIG AS
AN ELEPHANT—AND HE'S
GAINING ON ME!

SOME LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY—

A MAN IS SCREAMING
IN TERROR, NHKK!

CHEEKA—
CHEEKA...

IT IS DRUTHGA, THE
SHAGGY MONSTER, WHO
CHASES THE MAN! I
CAN HEAR HIS SCREAM
OF FURY!

AT THE END OF A STRONG VINE,
SHE SWINGS DOWNWARD RIGHT
BEFORE THE ENRAGED TUSKER'S
POUNDING FEET—

Yiii!

HE SCREAMS LIKE
A TERRIFIED OLD
WOMAN! BUT I
SHALL SAVE HIM...

A "MOMENT" LATER—

YOU ARE SAFE HERE...
BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING
IN CAVE GIRL'S LAND?

WHAT A DAME!
AND LOOK AT THE
GOLD BRACELETS
SHE'S WEARIN'!
THIS IS MY
LUCKY DAY!

"BULL" MULLINS KNOWS ONLY ONE WAY OF TAKING WHAT HE WANTS —

C'MERE, BASY! LET "BULL" TAKE A CLOSE GANDER AT THAT GOLD. IT SURE LOOKS TO BE WORTH PLENTY!



BUT CAVE GIRL HAS FOUGHT APES AND GORILLAS! HER HAND WHIPS AROUND AND BULL REELS BACK.

GGGGG....!

NO MAN PUTS HANDS ON CAVE GIRL!



HA! WHAT A GIRL! STRONG AS AN ORANG-OUTANG! BUT SHE WON'T GET AWAY FROM "BULL" MULLINS! I'LL FIND HER — IF I HAVE TO TAKE THIS PLACE APART!

TWO DAYS LATER "BULL" MULLINS AND HIS ARMED BEARERS MOVE IN ON A LITTLE VILLAGE OF HILL PEOPLE...

THEY GOT GOLD! WELL FIND OUT WHERE THEY GET IT — AND TAKE IT AWAY FROM 'EM!



COOKING POTS — OF SOLID GOLD! WHAT KIND OF PLACE HAVE I STUMBLLED INTO?

A BETTER PLACE THAN YOU'RE USED TO!



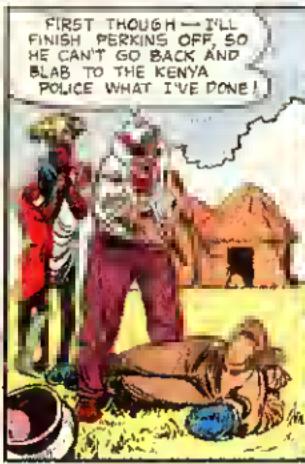
HUH? WHO'RE YOU?

ALAN PERKINS, AN ANTHROPOLOGIST! I FOUND MY WAY INTO THIS DARN WORLD — AND LIVED WITH THESE PEOPLE. I'M ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING BIG — THE MISSING LINK!



OH, YEAH? I'M ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING BIG MYSELF — GOLD! AND NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME!





BUT CAVE GIRL FIGHTS AS DO THE ANIMALS,
NEVER GIVING UP UNTIL DEATH ENDS ALL
STRUGGLE, SHE WHIRLS—



CUTTING ALAN PERKINS LOOSE, CAVE GIRL LEADS
HIM INTO THE SAFETY OF THE DEEP JUNGLE—



FURIOUS AT THE ESCAPE OF HIS PRISONER, AND
HIS MANHANDLING AT THE HANDS OF CAVE GIRL,
"BULL" MULLINS VENTS HIS RAGE ON HIS
BEARERS...



YOU'LL MINE TWICE AS
MUCH GOLD IF YOU WORK
TWICE AS FAST! SHOW
ME SOME SPEED!



ON THE RETURN JOURNEY, FATE
HANDS "BULL" A GIFT—

WE FIND HIM
IN JUNGLE. BRING
HIM TO YOU!

GOOD! I
COULDN'T
HAVE ASKED
FOR A
BETTER
PRESENT!

I'LL USE YOU AS BAIT
TO BRING CAVE GIRL IN!
SHE'LL TRY TO RESCUE
YOU—



—AND WHEN SHE DOES,
THIS NET GOES OVER HER!
SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO
FIGHT INSIDE THAT'S!





